ONE PENNY

Workers' Dreadnought

THE RIGHT TO CONSUME.

Vol. XI. No. 13 June 14th 1924 WEEKLY

The unofficial Strike.

The unofficial strike is a triumph for the rank and file—however it may end. It shows that the rank and file is acting for itself, and acting with effect. This strike is the biggest rank and file effort since the Armistice.

The Labour officialdom has condemned the strike; condemned it, and opposed it, as strongly as the employers themselves.

The "Labour Press Service" gave the cue to the capitalist press by denouncing the strike as "fomented by an unofficial committee dominated by communists," as thought the workers had no real cause of discontent, and as though to be unofficial and to be communist were altogether evil.

Of course, the capitalist press was delighted to follow the lead of the "Labour Press Service."

The "Labour Press Service" is an official Labour Party publication, designed to lead and inform the various local Labour newspapers. It more closely represents the views of the Labour Party Executive than the **Daily Herald** itself. The **Herald,** having an eye to circulation amongst all sections of the proletarian movement, speaks often with a dual voice.

More serious than the utterance of the Labour News Service, however, was that of Mr. Tom Shaw, the Minister of Labour. Mr. Shaw on behalf of the Government, stated that:-

1. The Labour Government would give protection to men desiring to work during the strike.

2. In the event of public utilities, such as food, lighting, water and power being threatened, "the Government will maintain those public utilities."

3. The Government will not take the railways out of the hands of the companies and operate them.

The Labour Government therefore promised to act like any other Government.

Mr. Shaw further averred that it would do what it could to end the dispute, but would not recognise the strike committee. He said:

"It is impossible for any Government to attempt to recognise a body which neither the trade unions nor the railway companies will recognise."

Thus when Parliament adjourned for its holidays, the Labour Government spokesman endeavoured to crush the strike and annihilate with contempt the strike committee whilst capitalism gloated with satisfaction.

The strike, however, continued and by the beginning of the week Mr. Shaw's department was becoming, in appearance at least, somewhat more reasonable and was willing, at least ostensibly, to lend itself to the task of bringing the N.U.R. and the strikers together.

The strike committee's attempt to negotiate with the N.U.R. revealed, nevertheless, a weakness in the strike committee. The rank and file must learn to become solely responsible for its own actions, and to hold its own apart from the Trade Unions before it can be a really powerful force.

The bitter, insulting, reply to those attempted negotiations, issued to the Press by Mr. Cramp, N.U.R. Secretary—once believed to be something of a Red—lies before us as we write.

This statement declares that the unrest of the rank and file, which is manifesting itself in every union, is a "foul disease," and that "decent workmen are being led away by persons chiefly interested in obtaining prominence, or money, or both."

Apparently the Trade Union leaders ignore the hardship that has befallen the masses through the great reductions in wages, brought about in rapid succession during recent years, and by the vast unemployment, which has cast its burden upon innumerable households, even where some members of the family have remained at work.

Apparently, too, Mr. Cramp and his colleagues are unaware, of the great hopes and desires for emancipation for the workers, which at one time they themselves helped to raise; hopes and desires which have been encouraged, as flames are fanned by the wind, both by the great upheavals through which the whole world has passed in war and in revolution, and by the recent advent to office of a Labour Government in this country.

In spite of Mr. Cramp's denunciation it is obvious that if the strike holds firm, the N.U.R. will shortly become but too anxious to negotiate with the strike committees, lest the N.U.R. hold on the workers become seriously weakened.

One of the regrettable features of the strike was the repudiation by the strike committee of the charge that it is influenced by communist ideas. We shall not have moved very far until the answer to such a charge as that will be: **"Guilty, and proud of it."**

Another backward feature was the protest that the strikers are loyal members of the N.U.R. Presently the cry will be: **"We are the workshop councils and more competent to act than any other organisation."**

The great propoganda for this strike, as for all strikes should be: **An advance of wages may secure a temporary improvement, but what is required is the permanent to the system of production for profit.**

COAL PRICES.

Pit Head price per statute ton raised—

	1913	1923
Britain	8/7	16/3
Germany (Ruhr) ...	8/10	7/3 (1922)
France	13/4	—
Belgium	14/1	27/9 (1922)
U.S.A.		
Anthracite	14/5	25/4 (1922)
Bitum'nous Coal ...	5/5	15/3 (1922)
Average 'Spot' prices of Bituminous Coal	5/8	13/6

DREADNOUGHT BANNED IN INDIA.

Government officials state that there is no censorship of British newspapers sent to India, but our Indian correspondents constantly inform us that the Workers' Dreadnought is prevented from reaching them.

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

An Indian Story by S. N. Ghose.

Someone else in his position might have been happy—at least one of his class, and under those circumstances; he was now free—free as any other man, he had now no-one to look after, no burdens whatsoever, and what was more, he had some money—what cares can a man like him have?

It was on the afternoon of the day he had been released from prison; the chaplain had generously given a long discourse on the rewards of plain living and honesty—the prison authorities had given him a few rupees to start his new career with. . .

Hari was now sitting on one of the benches of the Esplanade. The dull ache—the longing and the depression he had been feeling all this morning had now gone. He was no longer so very wretched because his power of feeling was now completely lost—a condition of semi-stupor like one drugged had come over him. He tried to think, but he could not; he had been thinking for a long while and been trying to find out the only people who would care for him—those for whom he had lived, for whom he had suffered willingly, for whom he was eager to do all he could all lifelong; but they could be found nowhere.

The place where he used to live with his wife and child before the arrest was in a backyard—there was a motor garage as well as a stable over there. But all these had completely vanished. The City Improvement Trust had pulled them down when he was in prison.

In a city where hundreds and thousands are struggling hard every day of their lives to get some shelter it was absurd to expect that his wife—a mere girl—was still safe and left unharmed by the blind and the ruthless machinery of our society.

Who could tell if Hari's wife had at all been told of her husband's arrest and the imprisonment? imprisonment? She might have thought that he had gone out as usual in search of work and at nightfall he had felt too ashamed to come back with the vacant hopeless look and the downcast eyes and the usual answer "They don't want any more new hands in the docks." . .

How could she ever manage a single day without Hari ? She was a mere scrap of a girl—beautiful and frail as a flower. Hari had pondered over this for hours that day; he had thought of it when in goal; the long sleepless hours of the night in the dark prison cell had been spent only in thinking over it.

"If I could only meet her I would". . something seemed to say—"What is the use of thinking if I could meet her? She is nowhere." Yes that was true. How could he ever meet her? He had searched for her all day long, but the vast multitude of the town had swallowed up the girl and the child—and not the least trace whatever had been left.

His feet had been aching; he had been walking up and down for hours—in hopeless search; he had asked the same question to so many people. . But there was no need to walk any more now; there was no use thinking over the old thing, of old days and of the might-have-been." His wife and his child—they were now things of the past.

Before him was the ceaseless stream of swiftly-moving motors, lorries and tramcars, and the rushing crowds of people—all apparently impelled by one desire—a mad passion of hurrying onwards. . Cries of the newsboys reached him faintly, mingled with the hootings of the motor cars and the monotonous and the meaningless song of some workers hauling up a heavy load.

All these seemed as if in a dream. "What are they rushing for?" Hari cried out aloud. "Are they rushing to their doom?" An unknown voice replied "Beg your pardon, sir."

Hari turned round. Next to him was a stranger—a rather stout man in tattered clothes. He had no idea how long this man had been sitting near him watching his helpless attitude.

Hari inquisitively looked at the stranger and then at the pink sports paper the man had on his knees. It was one of those favourite journals which have a large circulation among the poorer people, and which always claim to furnish authentic news about "All the Winners," in the races. . After a time Hari slowly said: "Oh it was nothing, I am feeling rather faint that is all."

The stranger was a very friendly man; he at once volunteered his assistance and after a very short time he made Hari feel quite different, took Hari to a public house on the corner; induced him to take a couple of glasses of strong rice-wine; he spoke on many important things and privately confided his secret to Hari—the possibility of making a fortune at the end of the day in the King's Cup Race. From the public house they both went to the race course hand in hand like two very old friends.

What an enormous crowd was at the race course! Hari had never seen so many big motor cars packed in rows. That itself, Hari thought, was a sight worth seeing.

Everything now seemed clear to him; he no longer felt worried; he thought "After all what is the use? Life is not so very bad. Why bother over people who are gone? They will not come back. Why cry for justice? It is the unjust who succeed.

"Why cry against the rich? Had it not been for them, the poor would have been nowhere; there is no use complaining, nothing will change; in spite of life's defects and drawbacks who will care to die willingly? To be alive—even alone and neglected—is much better than being dead."

That day few men had been so strangly dealt with as Hari by the blind goddess Fortune In the morning he had left prison—expectant and hopeful, during the day he was forlorn and unwanted and now at nightfall curious chance gave him an unreasonably large sum of money—the result of the sweepstake at the race; Hari had put all his money on the tickets, most probably because he did not know what to do with a lot of money—now that he had nobody of his own in the world that is why fortune chose him to play her cruel game with.

A number of 'sportsmen' friends of Hari's first acquaintance came to shower congratulations on him; they wanted him 'to play the game,' and 'make a night of it.'

One of them very obligingly volunteered personal knowledge about some select 'Houses' where the rich landlords from the country came to spend their hard-earned revenues of the year; there one could find the best dancing girls of the city and the most comfortable lodgings for the night.

At other times Hari would have refused even to hear such conversations; he very rarely drank, and had never been with any woman of the type they were referring to. But that evening he did not care. He had plenty of money now, but what was the use of that—his wife and his child—they were gone. Why should not he drown his sorrows?

By this time it was quite dark; the crowd had been gradually dispersing. Outside the racecourse he saw a small gathering round a platform. It was not one of the bookmakers for he could see a red banner with a crudely written inscription on it "Workers Unite." There was a man holding an acetylene lamp in front of the platform. The speaker was a young man with long hair; his face had a sort of deathly pallor in the gas light, but it was his wild gesticulation that drew Hari's attention; he became curious and wanted to know what it was all about.

His companions, however, did not approve of this inquisitiveness. One said "Just one of the anarchists. They want the moon"; "No good listening to them," advised another," "they are against racing, against the rich, against the poor, against the Gods and the priests and what not. Against everything. They want other people's money." Hari's first acquantance put in "Against the barbers as well, I believe. Just see how wild he looks. One would think he is a lunatic."

Above the murmur of the gathering the speaker's voice could be heard," Brothers! We do not want their charity. . ." One of Hari's companions interrupted at this moment by shouting, "I say—How will you explain this? Our friend had paid only a few rupees and now from the race he has got hundreds. What of it?"

"Yes brother!" was the reply, "that is the whole way of the Capitalists' game—trying to make money out of nothing. But you all know very well the money came from the others who have lost and after the promoters of the race had removed their share, that is a good deal of. ."

"We can't understand your nonsense. Let us go."

They took Hari to a small restaurant and there they had their supper. Now Hari saw that there were eight of the 'Sportsmen' with him. As the evening drew on his companions became more voluble and more quarrelsome. Droll stories, filthy and vulgar, came out in numbers from everyone of them.

Hari, however, remained perfectly silent, he watched the company in a curious childish way; he saw the fantastic shadows on the dirty walls of the restaurant—the smoky flames of the paraffin lamps—there was a large white moth fluttering about. The effect of the rice-wine was now completely gone; Hari began to think once more.

He wondered what did these men want; most of them had very dirty clothes—some were in rags; apparently none of them had any home or relations; what impelled them to live such a life, wallowing in filth and profane vulgarity, talking so loudly of the shame of the womanhood—of woman— the mother and wife. Did they never feel sorry for their conditions? Did they never feel that they were wretched? Did they never think that the way of this world is all wrong? Perhaps they never did, or perhaps they, too, had great sorrow, maybe far greater than Hari's and so they, too, had been forced to take such a course in life.

Yes, at that time Hari knew how people are dragged into the mire—really they are not dragged nor accidentally pushed in—they are all deliberately **driven** into it. Noone of his own free will would choose such a life of squalor. The tragedy of the whole thing, Hari thought, lay in the fact that they who drive people into the mire are always in power.

His brief reverie was broken by the push of one of his companions. He paid the bill and then they all started out in their quest of vulgar amusement.

For the first time since their entry into the restaurant they paid some attention to their entertainer. One said "Dear Hari, surely those darlings ought to cheer you up"; another complimented him on his good looks some others corroborated this statement Hari's first acquaintance now began "By the bye, I had forgotten to tell you that last Xmas, I saw one of our big landlords over there. . ."

The meaningless, but very animated conversation, went on again as before without

Hari taking any part in it. Hari now was following them against his will, at every street corner he wanted to turn back and run away from them, but he did not know where to run to, so he followed them like one drugged, one who had not yet lost consciousness, but had no power to exert his will.

They had now come to a narrow lane. There were tall houses with balconies on both sides and Hari noticed that there were women sitting on those balconies, whistling and leaning over as people passed by.

There were a lot of girls walking up and down that street. Some of them said "Good evening" to Hari, some smiled and made suggestive movements with their heads; the whole thing had been revolting to Hari from the very beginning and now it seemed to have reached a breaking point. Was it a nightmare? If not, how long could that system last?

He did not dare to look up now; he tried to distract himself; he thought of the day of his trial—he seemed to see before him the silent electric clock over the Judge's dais and the red canopy and the lion and the unicorn—then he saw the big baldheaded judge mopping his face repeatedly, he remembered how the judge had burst out laughing when he had said "I am, unemployed but I am always trying to find some honest work." The shallow bilious looking government advocate strutted about like a vulture, he had such a red nose, and then Hari once more saw the shivering pickpocket who had been caught red handed inside the court during his trial.

Hari had fallen very much behind his companions while thinking of all this. One of the women in the street had just stopped him. She looked very thin, one would say almost a living skeleton. She had taken Hari's hand and had said "Oh! do come. My child is without any food." Hari turned his face to look better at her, but the woman covered her face with her hands and faintly uttered "Oh Hari, Is it you? I am Lily' She sank down on her knees as if in a swoon.

Hari gave a shout—a shout of joy. His companions all turned round and saw the kneeling woman at Hari's feet weeping piteously. What had passed between these two they did not know.

They were all vexed at Hari's attitude to this woman. One of them said "Mr. Hari, please don't be fooled by a weeping old hag We have still some way to go."

"Shut up you fool," Hari shouted back to him "It is she—Lily. She is my wife.

The idea that Hari might slip away from them had been making all of them rather uneasy for the last half an hour or so; and this strange woman coming up from the side lane and snatching Hari right away from them seemed more than they could bear. They had all so eagerly looked forward to the entertainment and for the time being they had become convinced that Hari ought to follow their advice. One of them tried to explain to Hari that the woman was an imposter, and the place and the hour of the night were both unsuitable for a decent wife to meet her husband—at least a husband like Hari, with such a lot of money in his pockets. A woman on the street was giggling; she said "My word! Some wife I should say."

But Hari had neither heard the gigglings nor the comments. He tenderly lifted the woman up and was weeping himself as he dried her tears. He said "O Lily! How you have changed. I could not recognise you. They have taken away all your beauty, but you are still the same to me. Are you not? There is no shame in our meeting here. Silly girl It is their shame; the well-fed that have driven both of us here. Each day the hearless set trample down the weak and this they will always do.

"But you are pure—pure as the dew of the dawn—pure as the Lily of the Valley."

ESPERANTO

Since the "Dreadnought" began giving lessons in Esperanto the language has made great progress, the apathy and set back caused by the war have given place to a vigorous forward movement, partly through the efforts of devoted workers in every part of the world and partly because radiography has made more obvious than before the need of a language reaching beyond the frontiers of any particular state.

English, French, German, Spanish, etc., are all too difficult and complicated for acquirement by busy men so Esperanto holds the field. The few difficulties that it presents to an Englishman are entirely on the surface: the principal one is perhaps the accusative case which I will now tackle at once and the rest will be easy.

Bona means good and tago means day, but when you wish any-one Good-day, you do not say bona tago, but bonan tagon!

A child will ask why this N is added to each of those two words, and one must be ready for a clear and simple answer.

First point out to the child that it is correct in English to say "I see him" and not "I see he;" and that it would be quite wrong to say of his mother, "I love she, and her loves I," instead of "She loves me and I love her.

That is because most of the English pronouns as I, he, she, we, they, who, have an accusative form, me, him, her, us, them, whom, and every child knows perfectly when and where to use this accusative form.

The rule is the same in Esperanto, but it extends further, it covers not only pronouns but nouns and adjectives also.

So that it is wrong to say in Esperanto for "I love my father," "Mi amas mia patro," you must say "Mi amas Mian patron." The N added here to the pronoun mia and to the noun patro, is because the accusative is required, just as him is required if you say in English "I love him, not he."

In the case of "Bonan Tagon," the N is added because you mean "I wish a good day" although you leave out the words "I wish," the same applies to "Good morning," bonan matenon"; "Good evening," "bonan Vesperon"; "Good night," "bonan nokton."

The Editor will gladly receive a post card from any-one to whom this explanation is not yet clear and will endeavour to give further elucidation. Once this point is made clear all will be smooth sailing.

Standard Works in Esperanto for the whole World to Read.

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("kaj" and is pronounced "ky" as in Greek).	
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Fabeloj de Anderson	4d.

FROM THE PUBLISHERS

THE SOCIAL UNREST: Its cause and solution by the Rt. Hon. J. Ramsay MacDonald. (Hodder and Stroughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, 3/6).

This book of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a re-printed work with a preface by Mr. William Graham, the Financial Secretary to the Treasury, to bring it up to date.

Mr. Graham, who by the way, opposed the Capital Levy when the Labour Party was making it a principal plank in the propaganda is credited with being one of the most conservative members of the Labour Party.

Mr. Graham looks for salvation to methods of greater industrial efficiency, "grouped under the name, Scientific Management." By better organisation of raw material, machinery and labour, he hopes for "a low cost of production, a standard article in large quantity, and high wages."

Mr. Graham declares for collective ownership, but it seems he will be very well satisfied by joint councils of employers and employed, and even under collective ownership he visualises the continuation of the wage system and an organisation of industry which would not differ greatly from that under the great trusts of to-day.

Competition to secure foreign markets seems to dominate Mr. Graham's view of the industrial field. For this reason he regards strikes as "a calamity."

Mr. MacDonald, on the other hand, minimises the loss caused by strikes to the employer, to the employee, and the public at large. He says: "though many strikes are lost," the workman is quite right in putting the highest value on his power to strike." He adds: "The decisions of wages boards will, as a rule, be for a lower pay than organised labour can get organised capital to agree to, if organised labour is free to strike."

This is an exceedingly confused book. In his final chapter "Conclusion," Mr. MacDonald is declaring for the nationalisation of industry. At the same time he sandwiches such passages as the following:

"Under the Labour State men and women are to have an exchange value which is to secure for them at least a tolerable standard of life. This can be fixed in various ways, but the State has already selected the method of wages boards, and they must now be applied to more and more industries."

Mr. MacDonald then urges that voluntary agreements between Trade Unions and employers' associations are best in well-organised trades, adding: "The State ought to recognise them and encourage them by making them general to districts and trades."

He argues further that some Trade Unions give security against breaches of agreement, and others will do so when "the confidence of the workmen is restored in the honourable intentions of the emloyers."

Such argumentation does not read like nationalisation. However Mr. MacDonald says: "The state which begins to engraft Humanism upon Capitalism finds itself faced with two great alternatives. It must either adopt the futile policy of Protection or the Socialist policy of Nationalisation."

Capitalism has got to go: many realise that. But what is to follow it ought not to be a mere repetition of the present order under a centralised state.

Plenty for all, production for use, not sale must be our goal.

WHERE TO BUY THE DREADNOUGHT IN WALTHAMSTOW.

The Dreadnought can be obtained from Mr Quartermass, 444, Hoe Street Walthamstow.

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Our View.

Government Sells Its Houses.

A TORY BRINGING THE LABOUR GOVERNMENT back to its Socialistic principles in respect of housing is a curious spectacle. Yet the other day a Conservative member, Sir Kingsley Wood, introduced a Bill to prevent the sale by the first Commissioner of Works (Mr. F. W. Jowett, of Bradford Municipal fame), of more than half the working class houses on the Well Hall and other Estates. The Well Hall houses are being offered for sale at from £500 to £700. Obviously prohibitive prices for the ordinary workman to pay Yet there is said to be a waiting list of 3,000 people desiring to rent these houses. One wonders, indeed, why the Government should thus gratuitously play into the hands of its opponents since Mr. MacDonald at York expressly stated that whilst the last Government had got some houses built for sale **this government,** the Labour Government, is facing the problem of producing houses to let.

We are waiting for a social organisation which will provide houses primarily **to live in**; and all the evidences prove daily and more strongly that this will never be until the private property system is abolished.

* * *

The Prime Minister and Ireland.

QUITE AMAZING was Mr. MacDonald's statement to the House of Commons on June 4th that "the Irish question has been placed outside the ambit of party controversy so far as this country is concerned," and that **the Treaty embodies a final settlement of Anglo-Irish relations made once for all."** He added: "The task of the present government is greatly facilitated by the fact that **it has merely to give effect to the policy of our predecessors with which we are in perfect agreement"**

That puts Mr. MacDonald's position very clearly. It is unmistakable to all who understand plain English; and the position applies with equal force to Indian, Egyptian and African, as well as to Irish Nationalisation. Mr. MacDonald, without the least shadow of doubt or deception is an Imperialist. He promises the conquered people within the British Empire to advocate for them no more than a limited degree of home rule in local affairs under the shadow of British arms.

He offers, in short, conciliation under the dominant Capitalist-Imperialism. His programme for the subject class, the workers, is essentially the same as for the subject peoples. The workers are to accept conciliation Boards and Trade Boards under their capitalist employers. Yet Mr. MacDonald often speaks and writes of Nationalisation. Does he intend that the first Labour Government which obtains a Parliamentary majority shall tackle the subject of nationalisation, or does he propose that this generation shall content itself with conciliation Boards?

That is a question his followers should press home?

More important, however, is the question what is meant by nationalisation.

If nationalisation is to mean that the existing owners of private concerns are to continue drawing their profits when the concerns have been placed under Government control, the position of the worker will be little changed and he will have no more than the conciliation Board provided for him after all

* * *

The Government and India.

RED TAPE is being meticulouly observed by the Labour Government in its dealings with India. It is proceeding as cautiously as any Liberal or Tory Government. There is indeed nothing inspiring in the appointment of an official expert committee to inquire into the working of the present Act consisting of three members of the Governor General's Council, and the three secretaries of the Government of India. The adding to the committee of some non-official members is a step taken to placate the Indian movement, but the new comers will affect little difference in the situtaion. Only activity by an implacable extra-Parliamentary movement will produce changes in India. It is the same with all agitations all the world over.

* * *

The Coming New Daily.

THE DECISION OF THE CO-OPERATIVE CONGRESS to start, though not at present, a Co-operative daily paper will, in our opinion, make for progress, if, and when, the proposed daily appears. It will increase the number of people who will read a paper which is not precisely a capitalist paper. It will probably force the **Daily Herald** to move further to the Left, as the co-operative paper cannot possibly be further to the Right than is the **Daily Herald.** If it were it would be indistinguishable from the **capitalist papers.**

The existence of another working class daily will break down the mistaken idea that because the **Daily Herald** is the only workers daily, all things must be excused in it.

Nevertheless we do not look for the co-operative daily to be a Left Wing paper. It is not in the nature of things that it should **be.**

Politics apart it may easily reach a higher journalistic standard than that of the **Daily Herald,** and its competition may cause the **Daily Herald** to embark on many much needed improvements.

* * *

Freedom of Education Menaced.

LORD DANESFORT'S BILL to prevent the teaching of "blasphemous and "seditious" doctrines to children, which has been read a first time in the House of Lords, must be carefully watched. This is an effort to check the spread of enlightment in matters of religion and economics.

British Fascisti.

THE ASSAULT AT ROTHERHITHE TOWN HALL committed upon numbers of people by a body calling itself the British Fascisti should not be allowed to pass unnoticed. The British Fascisti is a tiny burlesque little organisation, yet here we find it permitted by the authorities to scale the roof of the Town Hall and drill there and then to come down and beat people with sticks.. Mr. Henderson says the police knew nothing of the affair until after it was over; yet it is strange there were no police in and around the Town Hall when a public meeting was being held. Was that because it was a Conservative meeting? This is a matter into which Mr. Henderson should inquire particularly if he wishes to preserve the impartiality of the police force for which he is at present supposed to be responsible.

We ask comrades in all seriousness whether they propose to stand idly by whilst a terrorist body is allowed to practice violence with impunity and to grow until it has drawn into its ranks all the cowards who may enjoy playing at White Terrorism so long as it can be carried on without risk?

* * *

The Last of the Bushmen.

CIVILISATION has apparently shortened the life of the race. Stantje, believed to be the last pure-bred survivor of the South African Bushmen, is said to be 130 years old. These unfortunate people were killed off like wild animals by the early European settlers. Now the last of them is forbidden by a paternal government to cross the seas to Wembley, lest a South African curiosity should perish overseas.

* * *

France Moving.

MILLERAND has retired in the wake of Poincare. They clung to office as long as they could, but France is moving Leftward and they have had to go. Nevertheless there is very far to travel yet before we can say that France is on the eve of actual changes. Herriot is but a Liberal and not an advanced one. He supports the Ruhr invasion and possesses a completely capitalist outlook in all respects. The French proletarian movement is not advanced; it has not a strong anti-Parliamentary workshop movement. Though the Parliamentarians are there, as everywhere,, much less important than they fancy themselves, they nevertheless, still hold by far the greater part of the horizon of the awakening workers.

Time and conditions and propaganda will change that, but the task is great and the workers are still too few.

Parliament as we see it.

Our Parliamentary Reports and Comments are based on the official Verbatim Reports.

Unemployment in India.

The under secretary denied the existence of unemployment in India. No Statistics are published.

Austrian Armaments.

Mr. Morel again asserted that Austria has increased her manufacture and export of armaments.

Mr. MacDonald said his information was to the contrary effect.

The Daily Herald and the Committee of Privileges.

Mr. MacDonald replied to questions that when Mr. Hamilton Fyfe was called before the House of Commons Committee of Privileges he was told that the proceedings were to remain private. Yet a report appeared in the Daily Herald and the editor stated that he had no apology to offer to the House.

Mr. MacDonald said as to this: "The statement to which the hon. Member draws my attention belongs to the type of conduct which asks for, but ought not to receive, further notice."

Kenya Land for Lord Delamere.

Complaints were made that 60,000 acres of land in the Loldaiku Hills, West Kenya is passing over to Lord Delamere and the natives are being deprived of it. Mr. Lunn (Lab.) replied evasively, defending the transfer, and said that the native population in the area must be very small.

Foot and Mouth Disease.

Animals slaughtered or authorised to be slaughtered, and percentage in Britain—Cattle, 104,076—1.48 per cent.; Sheep, 43,681—0.2 per cent.; Pigs, 48,005—1.7 per cent., Goats, 128.

Total cost of outbreak to Government, £3,274,600.

Small Holdings.

The number of statutary small holdings in England and Wales has grown from 504 in 1908 to 31,835 in 1923.

We desire not small holdings, but common ownership of the land and its products.

Foreign Relations and Parliamentary Control

Mr. Clynes, on the Government's behalf, refused the request of Mr. Morel for a day to discuss the following motion:

"That in the opinion of this House, no diplomatic arrangement or understanding with a foreign State, involving directly or indirectly, national obligations shall be concluded without the consent of Parliament, and no preparations for co-operation in war between the naval military or air staffs of a foreign State shall be lawful unless consequent upon such arrangement or understanding; and this Resolution shall be communicated to all States with which we are in diplomatic relations and to the League of Nations."

Protection for Government Tenants.

Sir Kingsley Wood (Cons.) obtained leave to bring in a Bill to give Government tenants the same protection against eviction as other tenants. He was accused of doing this, not to help the persons concerned, but to embarrass the Labour Government. Be that as it may, the Government tenants are sorely placed as they do not benefit like other tenants from the Rent Restrictions Acts at present.

Mr. Wheatley's Housing Bill.

Mr. Wheatley's Housing Bill is to provide for the erection of more houses of the type and size provided for by the Coalition Government in the Act of 1923. One might have hoped for a better type of house to-day, after the agitation, and the verdict of the general election. When that type of house was originally proposed. Mr. Wheatley protested. Here is an extract from the speech he made condemning them in 1923:

> "The houses are too small—they are miserably small. These houses will never be homes, they will very soon be slums. He is here laying down the standard of housing in this country, not merely to-day, but for 30 years to come—he is stereotyping poverty. Why do you propose these boxes for our people? Are they inferior people to you? Are they less useful to the community than you? All these proposals emanate from men who believe in their souls that Britain is a spent force."

The burden of the moneylender is to be placed on the community for the building of houses which Mr. Wheatley thus scathingly condemned. He declared that his predecessor was setting a standard for 30 years and stereotyping poverty. How much more is this the case when a building programme of 15 years is being entered upon.

The Government is to make a grant of £9 a year per house and £12 10s. a year in rural areas for forty years. Where a house is not subject to certain special conditions the grant will be only £ 6 a year for 20 years

100,000 cheap houses are required annually to prevent the housing shortage from increasing; only 17,383 such houses are being built

6/6 a Week to Moneylenders.

Mr. Wheatley explained that the charges for land and building of the proposed houses would amount to 8/8 a week for sixty years but the interest on the money borrowed for land purchase and building would amount to 6/6 a week for 60 years.

The answer to that is the question why the Labour Government did not raise the money required by taxing the rich instead of by borrowing from them.

The Labour Government objects to confiscation. That being so, it intends that the interest on money raised for housing and other needs shall be paid in perpetuity or until the money is refunded.

To do this is to give those who sow not, neither do they spin, but live on rent, interest and profit, a permanent hold on the community.

The Shortage of Skilled Workers.

Mr. Wheatley said last year, 900 joiners transferred from the Trade Unions of the Clyde to those of New York, and that there are now 62 090 fewer skilled mechanics in the building trade than there were in 1919. There are now 53,000 bricklayers; there were 109,000 twenty years ago. There are 13,000 plasterers; there were 227,000 20 years ago There are 2,800 slaters, there were 8,400 20 years ago

The Ex-Service trainees, though accepted by the Trade Unions had been rejected by the employers, and being out of work had caused the union to pay out much unemployment benefit.

Labour Party £8 Cottage Scheme.

Sir Kingsley Wood (Cons.) said Mr. Wheatley was giving too much for the houses in basing the price on the price of last January He taunted him with having abandoned his Socialism now he was in office. Sir Kingsley Wood quoted from a speech of Mr. Wheatley given in the "Forward" in March, 1914. Mr Wheatley had then advocated "The Labour Party £8 Cottage Scheme." He complained that profit and interest absorbed at least half the rent and said:

> "The first principle of Socialism was the abolition of profit and interest. Every Socialist ought to subscribe to that, or go outside the Socialist movement. . . .
> "The only method by which they could establish Socialism was to provide their own capital free of interest."

Mr. Wheatley had then urged that the national exchequer should provide money for housing free of interest.

In and Out of Office.

Those were Mr. Wheatley's views out of office: in office he finds himself in the midst of a complicated system with inter-communicating machinery. If he makes any radical change in the principles governing one part of the machinery he dislocates something else. Therefore he proceeds according to the old methods.

Contract versus Direct Labour.

Mr. Raynes (Lab.) advocated dispensing with contractors and hiring direct labour, He spoke of his experience as a member of the Derby Corporation. The lowest contract price for a building had been £46,750. By direct labour the Corporation had secured it for £28,341 17s. 4d. The Corporation had let a house building contract at £715 per house, and immediately by its direct labour department, built houses at £424 each under the same conditions, on an adjoining site. The contractor then offered to build for £424 per house and built two blocks of similar houses side by side; one at the old price of £715, the other at £424 per house.

He urged the Government to build its own houses and to re-open the war-time factories for the purpose.

The Review of the Fleet.

H.M.S. Enchantress, at a cost of £1,100 is to be prepared for the use during 10 days, of the Board of Admiralty, and some official guest for the naval review, organised in connection with Wembley. Four other vessels are also to be used. The expenditure on the Enchantress is defended on the ground that it was the cheapest way to prepare adequate accommodation for the guests.

Strange that the old fleet does not contain a single vessel fit to take a meal on.

Viscount Curzon said H.M.S. Princess Margaret proved good enough last year; but Mr. Ammon replied that was only an inspection of a limited number of vessels not a review of the fleet.

Mr. Short said there is a dispute over the piece work rates to be paid on the Enchantress but Mr. Hodges from the height of his position as first Lord of the Admiralty answered: "We cannot undertake to deal with any matters that do not come to us officially."

25/- for a Dinner.

Lyons are charging at one of their Wembley restaurants 2/6 for a cocktail, 7/6 for tea, 25/- for dinner..

Mr. Lunn said: "The Board of Management felt there was scope for an establishment which would be comparable with the best class of restaurant in the West End."

The Wembley Sweating.

Asked what the waiters and waitresses are paid at Wembley and what hours they work, Mr. Lunn did not know and had received **"no specific complaints from either waiters or waitresses employed at the Exhibition."**

Mr. Hodges will only take it from the Trade Union; Mr. Lunn must get it from the actual employees concerned.

What about collective bargaining?

Dear, dear; these little potentates!

The Turkish Treaty.

There was a wrangle over the Lausanne Treaty. Mr. Lloyd George attacked the late Tory Government and complained that

(Continued on page 8).

Socialism and Literature.

By Henry S. Salt.

Reprinted from "Forecasts of the Coming Century." Published by the Labour Press. Tib Street, Manchester, in 1897. Continued from last week.

While the writer's idea of Socialism is not ours, the article is, we think, still of interest. We invite the comments of our readers upon it.

But here it will be objected that "pure literature," being the very flower and consummate expression of thought, must not be thus lightly subjected to the risks consequent on a rough equalisation of civic duties, but must rather be fostered and safeguarded with all possible care; the condition of the people is no doubt the most momentous subject for politician and sociologist, but the interests of "pure literature" are of a still higher and more lasting importance. To which it may fairly be answered that to neglect the material well-being of society, out of a sentimental reverence for an art which is ultimately dependent on that well-being, is to repeat the error of the old woman in the fable, who killed the goose that laid the golden eggs.

Pure literature, invaluable treasure though it is, becomes a mockery and a sham if once men recognise that it is the voice of class supremacy and not of a nation's life, even as at the present time we are more and more recognising that much of our so-called "culture" is based on a hideous substructure of degradation and suffering. A refinement which can ignore the misery around it or even batten on that misery, is no refinement at all. Our literae humaniores are not humane, and not being humane they are soon found to be illiterate; so that there is real truth in the caustic remark of the satirist Peacock that "Great indeed must be the zeal for improvement, which an academical education cannot extinguish." Learned professors and busy scientists may shut their eyes to the facts which have made socialism a necessity and may elect to play the part of accomplished ostriches in a barren literary wilderness; but the facts are none the less obvious to those who face them. If literature in the future is to be something more than a sickly hothouse exotic, it must draw its sustenance from the subsoil of a just and humanely organised community—which is Socialism.

Equally striking is the contrast between the actual and the possible state of letters when regarded from a purely economic standpoint. At present there is an immense competative system of production for private interests; books are largely written, printed and published, not because they contain matter of real value, but because a profit is expected to result from them, which profit usually goes to parties whose share in the work is not literary but commercial.

In each grade of the process the same sordid conditions are observable. The publisher too often sweats the author; the author sweats the copyist or literary hack; the printer sweats the printer's devil: then in many cases, a false market is manufactured by log-rolling, puffing advertisements, and the various devices of the middleman—and lo! another worthless book has been foisted on the reading public, who in the confusion thus generated, are naturally rendered more and more incapable of forming a sound and reliable judgment.

Thus it is that the whole canon of taste is in great measure distorted and productions of monumental dulness are artifically exalted into "standard works." 'It is among the standing hypocrisies of the world," says De Quincey, in reference to an instance of the kind, "that most people affect a reverence for this book, which nobody reads." It is pitiable to think of the amount of human labour, mental and physical, that is thus wasted in the production of useless volumes. An author who has no manner of business to be an author at all writes, let us say, a bad novel, and forthwith gives employment, perhaps with a proud consciousness of stimulating trade, to a number of persons, publishers, printers, reviewers and others, who like himself, would be quite capable, in a rationally ordered society, of performing some useful part.

Under a Socialist system, all this would be amended, there would be no unworthy inducements to do bad work in one direction when one could do good work in another, and public extravagance would give way to considerations of public economy. Editions de luxe would no longer be issued to mark the crowning degradation of letters; for who would care to waste his substance upon nonsense bound in vellum, when he could buy good literature in cheap and serviceable form? And finally the State, which at present spends so much on military armaments that it is compelled to plead its poverty, whenever literature asks for a share, would be able out of its abundant treasury to endow a handsome library in every town and village, and do more for the encouragement of national culture in a single year than can be done in half a century of our hap-nazard suicidal individualism. From whatever point of view one looks at the question, it is difficult to resist the conviction that the true lover has nothing to fear, but, on the contrary, everything to hope, from Socialism.

The author of **Looking Backward** is of opinion that the adoption of a Socialist system would be followed by a revival of letters even greater than the Renaissance—"an era of mechanical invention, scientific discovery, art, musical and literary productiveness to which no previous age of the world offers anything comparable." Whether this be probable or not, we may at least feel assured that it will be an age of genuine, and not artificially stimulated, production; that there will be an immense improvement in the quality of the books produced, in proportion to their quantity; that there will be no Grub street to send out bad works on the one side and no Belgravia on the other; and that the whole of our literature will be informed by a hopeful and helpful spirit of belief in human comradeship, in place of the present pessimistic tone of cynical dilettantism. Nor is there any reason to doubt, in view of the impending social struggle, that the sympathies of the literary class even as now constituted, will be in the main with the workers; for as has been well remarked, "literary men in all ages have been the organs of the sapienza vulgare or general sentiments of the people."

The literary man is the client of Dives and an excessive consideration for his patron's susceptibilities and sometimes for his own comfort has enfeebled the vigour of his thought and dulled the incisiveness of his pen; but he, too, has not seldom known what it is to suffer, and his heart has all along been with his brother Lazarus at the gate. It is now over a century since literature emancipated itself from the thraldom of the individual aristocrat—is it not time that it were also rid of the plutocratic ascendancy? Socialism, while removing the raison d'etre for a special class of authors, will simultaneously remove the cause of their economic subservience; they will doff their livery as a sect to find their true distinction as a power. Is not there a benefit which should conciliate the literary man? Or is he so enamoured of the present state of his profession as to be inflexibly bent on the perpetuation of the same system for his successors, like Sydney Smith's country gentleman who having wasted his own youth in fruitless classical instruction, is resolved that he shall not be the last of a long line of victims?—"Aye, aye, its all mighty well—but I went through this myself, and I am determined my children shall do the same." Unless the signs of the times are wholly deceptive, literature, like every other expression of thought, is now approaching a new and critical phaze of its development. The existing forms of literary workmanship have been carried, in the hands of a few great masters, to the re plus ultra of technical excellence, and it seems improbable that any further progress will be made on the old lines: a fresh impetus is needed, and this can only be supplied by a new ideal. Whence will this new ideal be forthcoming? Assuredly not from that withered, wrinkled, unlovely creed of pitiless competition which has long made a national literature as impossible as a national art. Not from that so-called "individualism" which has stultified itself by banishing true individuality from the monotonous death-in-life of the masses. Not from that precious "freedom of contract" which is so mysteriously allied with the worst forms of class slavery. Not from the "gentility" which abnegates gentleness; nor the "independency" which lives on sweated labour; nor the "respectability" which is everywhere ceasing to be respected, nor the beauty-worship which ignores the hideous moral deformaties of modern life. There is but one source from which there is the slightest possibility of the new ideal uprising, and that is the growing sense of universal brotherhood and equality of man. This equality, I need scarcely state, is not the uppish, priggish, attempt to be level with one's intellectual superiors, which is periodically deprecated by certain learned professors, who are so steeped in the atmosphere of competition that even their conception of equality is tinged by it, but simply the recognition of the fact that all human beings hold their life by the same tenure, and that no individual can find true happiness who in his inmost heart can conceive of himself as better, or more deserving than the meanest of his fellows. If anything can put new live into the culture which at present faints and flags under its half-consciousness of the inhuman and sordid conditions of its social environment, it will be this ideal of equality. The literature that will result from the cheering sense of world-wide solidarity and fellowship will be ten fold saner than that which is now supported (I will not say inspired) by the craving for personal distinction or the necessity of somehow earning a living among a host of hungry competitors: furthermore it will be based on the rock of actuality and self-knowledge instead of on the shifting sands of a fastidious and sentimental "refinement." Concurrently with this progress, the general conception of the duties and privileges of authorship will be ennobled and elevated. "The Idea of the Author," said Ficht," is almost unknown in our age and something most unworthy usurps its name. This is the peculiar disgrace of the age—the true source of all its other scientific evils.

The inglorious has become glorious and is encouraged, honoured and rewarded. According to the almost universally received opinion it is a merit and an honour for a man to have printed something, merely because he has printed it, and without any regard to what it is which he has printed and what may be its result. They, too, lay claim to the highest rank in the republic of letters who announce the fact that somebody has printed something and what that something is; or as the phrase goes, who review the work of others. It is almost inexplicable how such an absurd opinion could have arisen.

The literature of the socialised community of the future will surpass that of the present era of unlimited competition by so much as union is stronger than discord, love nobler than hate, and the natural sense of perfect equality with one's fellows a truer and more vital wisdom than the academic culture of oneself.

LESSONS FOR PROLETARIAN SCHOOLS.

PLANT CELLS.

Plant-cells are usually enclosed in a firm cell wall.

Many animal cells are not thus enclosed, but are naked. Though divided by the cell walls by which it is encased, the protoplasm of one cell communicates with its neighbours by means of minute channels.

The protoplasm moves within the cell wall. Often it rotates. Sometimes it flows up both sides of the cell and down the middle, carrying with it various food granules, and at times the nucleus. The nucleus is the reproductive centre as explained previously.

The plant cell wall is of **cellulose,** a substance chemically allied to starch.

Many plants have hard, woody skeleton cells formed of **lignin.**

Both animals and plants contain a large percentage of water. A man contains upwards of 59 per cent. of water.

Within the skin the bodies of vertebrate animals are as soft as a very weak jelly; indeed, they are semi-fluid.

Vertebrate animals, amongst which are human beings, horses and dogs, are those which possess an internal skeleton and a spinal column.

Whilst such animals as we have an internal skeleton, some animals are encased in an external skeleton, a shell or scales, or a hard casing like that of many insects.

MULTI-CELLULAR ORGANISMS.

As we have seen the **Amoeba,** the little unicellular animal described in an earlier lesson, reproduces itself by dividing in two. First the nucleus divides, then a waist develops between the two nuclei. The waist grows smaller until it breaks and there are two little animals instead of one.

In the meantime before the waist breaks the Amoeba is **bi-cellular;** that is to say it has two cells.

In somewhat higher forms of life the waist does not break; the animal continues to have two cells. In some creatures these divide again and the animal has four cells. In others there is a further division: the animal has eight cells. Others again divide and produce animals of sixteen or more cells.

These are **multi-cellular,** which means many celled, animals.

Regarding each cell as an individual, the organism is a **colony.**

There are three kinds of **Colonies:**

1. A collection of cells, the protoplasm of which does not intermingle and from which any cell can be separated without injury to the rest, and can live independently of the rest.

2. A collection of cells, alike, or much alike. These cells cannot live independently of the colony and if one of them dies another must grow in its place.

If these cells have flagella* the flagella move in unison.

These cells have not separate functions. Each one performs all the vital functions of life.

Some of these cells, however, may be set aside to form eggs, or **spermatozoa,** which are organs for fertilising the eggs.

3. Colonies consisting of cells which are necessary to each other's lives and perform separate functions.

Most animals and plants consist of numbers of cells, various functions being performed by various sets of cells.

***Flagella**: a thread-like fibratiny process which enables the organism to move, or to push other bodies along. See last week's paper.

A collection of cells of one sort forms muscle tissue, a collection of another sort nerve tissue, others form digestive tissue, reproductive tissue, etc.

Only in colonies of the first order can each cell be regarded as an individual. Where the cells are not independent of each other the whole collection of cells must be regarded as an individual.

Foods.

All protoplasm must have food or the plant or animal will waste and die.

The nature of the food which the organism requires enables us to separate plants from animals and fungi from green plants.

Substances containing the chemical elements contained in protoplasm must be taken in from the outside, dissolved and distributed to the living cells.

The chemical elements contained in protoplasm are known by chemists as C.H.O.N.S P. Cl. K., Na. Mg. Ca. Fe.

There is no general food suitable for all organisms.

The protoplasm of plants and animals appears the same, yet their food is different.

Plants, as a rule, cannot consume solid food. They must take their nourishment in the form of liquid or gas. There are exceptions.

Animals consume solid food.

Fungi consume dead matter or the product of living organisms.

Plants can assimilate, that is to say, build up into their protoplasm, chemicals which contain only two elements; for instance water, carbon dioxide and ammonia.

Chemists know water as H_2O, carbon dioxide as CO_2 and ammonia as NH_3

Chemicals built up of two elements are called **binary,** which simply means composed of two. **Bi** means two.

Animals cannot digest binary compounds. They must have what are called **tenary** compounds.

That is to say composed of elements combined in threes. **Tern** means threefold.

Animals require for their sustenance **nitrogen** and **carbon.**

Nitrogen they can only extract from **proteins.**

Proteins, as explained in a previous lesson are compounds (or mixed) chemical substances never found apart from living matter and containing carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen oxygen and sulphur.

Plants can only get their Carbon from proteins, carbohydrates, or fats. These are all **ternary** compounds.

The binary compounds required by plants exist in the air, in the water and in the ground. Thus plants need not move to seek their food. They find it all around them. They are literally bathed in it. They present the greatest possible surface to the air above and the ground below, and draw their sustenance from both.

Because they do not move from place to place they are called **sessile.**

Whilst plants take their food from the elements, the ternary compounds which animals need for food are only formed by plants and other animals.

Professor Soddy, in his "Cartesian Economics," has therefore said that the plants were the first capitalists, because they alone can transform the original elements into food for themselves and animals, and therefore without plants no other forms of life could exist.

Animals require to keep them in health:

Proteins, supplied in the main by flesh foods.

Hydro-Carbons, supplied by fats.

Carbo-Hydrates, supplied by sugar or starch.

Salts, various kinds of which are contained in the above-mentioned food.

Water.

We shall have more to say about foods next week.

Lantern slides illustrating these lessons may be obtained from Mr. James, 23, Maudslay Road, Eltham, S.E.9.

AGRICULTURAL WAGES BILL.

The Government Agricultural Wages Bill has passed its Second Reading.

This Bill sets up local Wages Boards. Should the Boards fail to agree the decision rests with the national wages tribunal and the Government.

The Labourer's Hard Lot.

The pitiful state of the agricultural labourer was graphically described during the debate. No-one ventured to suggest that the pictures of hardship were over-drawn. The Bill will by no means revolutionise the position. It will do no more than mitigate the worst cases of poverty.

Amongst the evils described were the liability of the farm labourer to eviction if dismissed from his workb ecause he occupies a cottage supplied by his employer.

Small, badly-built dwellings in many of which an adult cannot stand upright.

The increase of tuberculosis in rural areas owing to over-crowding and poor feeding.

In 1900, bread formed 20 per cent. of the diet; now it is 50 per cent.

68 per cent. of agricultural labourers get less than 30/- a week.

23 per cent. get 25/- a week and 24/- (actually 23/7) in winter.

Some get only £1 per week.

Wet days often bring nominally higher wages down to £1 or even to 14s. per week.

Mr. Buxton, president of the Board of Agriculture said 8s. a head per week was the common sum available for the food of one member of a labourer's family. He quoted Mr. Edward's, who said:

> "Forty years' experience has convinced me that the labourers cannot get a living wage by Trade Union methods alone. The difficulties of organisation are so great that we cannot get our organisation strong enough to enforce it."

Sir L. Scott, Chairman of the Unionist Social Reform Committee, was quoted as follows:

> "In many counties the great majority of labourers are ill-educated and ill-fed. It therefore becomes necessary to establish some means of raising wages to a subsistence level in order that the labourer and his family may be adequately nourished."

> "The land question means hunger, thirst, nakedness, notice to quit, labour spent in vain, the toil of years seized upon, the breaking up of homes, the misery of parents, children and wives? the despair and wildness that spring up in the hearts of the poor when legal force, like a sharp arrow, goes over the most sensitive and vital rights of mankind."—Cardinal Manning.

> "You find in many of the country schools the children, except the children of farmers, are pale-faced and anaemic looking, with eyes lacking lustre, undersized, underfed and sad-faced."—The Medical Officer of Health for Devonshire.

The following farm labourers' budgets were given:

A labourer with five children aged from 2 to 11 years; pays 3/9 rent; 6d. a week for the **Daily Herald,** buys 1½lbs. of margarine, 2/- for meat (pieces), 7/- for flour (bread is baked at home), Sugar 3½lbs., Milk, 1 pint skim per head per week for children. 15/10 is spent on food, 9/- on rent, insurance, clothes, candles, oil, soap, coal. The wage is 24/10.

The Unstable Basis of the Agricultural Industry.

Sir T. Davies (Con.) opposed the Bill. He said "you cannot pay wages on a losing business or you will become bankrupt."

He urged the big co-operative societies which have got customers for everything they produce in their innumerable shops, and often only pay the usual wages of the district, cannot make agriculture pay.

Out of 174 societies farming upwards of 10 acres, only 28 made a combined profit of £3,235. The others made a combined loss of £348,284. The co-operative societies buy their farms and only charge 2½ per cent. as rent.

The Belfast Co-operative farms 188 acres, and made a loss of £831 in one year.

Of 30 farms in the Midlands every one made a loss. Long Eaton, Derby, made a loss of £7,996. Ashton-under-Lyne made a loss of £12,000.

A co-operative farm six miles from where Sir T. Davies lived lost last year £44,865 on 3,005 acres. The wages paid were the current wages of the district, 25/- a week for ordinary day men, and 30/- to 37/- for shepherds, with house included.

All this shows the terribly unsatisfactory system on which production is based.

WHAT WE STAND FOR.

The abolition of the capitalist or private property system.

Common ownership of the land, the means of production and distribution. The earth, the seas and their riches, the industrial plant, the railways and ships, aircraft, and so on, shall belong to the whole people.

Production for use, not for profit. Under modern conditions more can be produced than can be consumed of all necessaries if production is not artificially checked. The community must set itself to provide all the requirements of its members in order that their wants may be met without stint and according to their own meaure and desire The people will notify their requirements, and the district and country, the world must co-operate to supply them.

Production for use means that there will be neither barter nor sale, and consequently no money. An immense amount of labour in buying, selling and advertising will therefore be saved.

Plenty for all. Thus there will be no insurance, no poor and no poor law, no State or private charity of any kind. Humiliation, officialdom and useless toil, which means putting parasites on the backs of the producers, will be obviated thereby.

No class distinctions, because there will be no economic distinctions. Everyone will be a worker, everyone will be of the educated classes for education will be free to all, and since the hours of labour at relatively monotonous tasks will be short, everyone will be able to make use of educational facilities, not merely in early youth, but throughout life.

No patents, no "trade secrets," scientific knowledge will be widely diffused. Since the class war will be no more, the newspapers will be largely filled with scientific information, art, literature and historical research.

Society will be organised to supply its own needs. To-day the essential needs of the people are supplied by private enterprise. Ostensibly we are under a democratic Government, but the most outstanding fact in the average man's life is that he is largely at the disposal of his employer. The government of the workshop where he spends the greater part of his time and energy is despotic.

Under Communism industry will be managed by those at work in it. The workshop will contain not employees, subject to the dictation of the employers and their managers, but groups of co-workers.

We stand for the workshop councils in industry, agriculture and all the services of the community. We stand for the autonomous organisation of the workshops and their ordered co-ordination, in order that the needs of all may be supplied.

Parliament and the local governing bodies will disappear. Parliament and the monarch, the Privy Council, the Cabinet, the Houses of Lords and Commons, provided no true democracy. "Self-government is better than good government" is to be found in a society in which free individuals willingly associate themselves in a common effort for the common good. On the basis of co-workers in the workshop co-operating with co-workers in other workshops, efficiency of production and distribution, which means plenty for all, can go hand in hand with personal freedom.

Elected on a territorial basis, Parliament could not manage efficiently the industries and services of the community. The services at present controlled by it are managed by salaried permanent officials. The condition of the worker employed in such services is the same as in privately owned industry.

A centralised Government cannot give freedom to the individual: it stultifies initiative and progress. In the struggle to abolish capitalism the workshop councils are essential.

The trade unions are not based on the workshop, and are bureaucratically governed Therefore they are not able efficiently to manage the industries. They are ineffective implements in the effort to take industry from the management of the employers and vest it in the workers at the point of production.

Therefore we stand for—

The abolition of the private property system.

Production for use, not profit.

The free supply of the people's needs.

The organisation of production and distribution on a workshop basis.

Our Bookshop.

ANATOLE FRANCE:

The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard	2/-
The Red Lily	2/-
Thais	2/-
Penguin Island	2/-
Crainquebille	7/6

EMIL ZOLA.

Fruitfulness	5/-
Truth	5/-
Abbe Mouret's Transgression	5/-
The Fat and the Thin	5/-
The Conquest of Plassans	5/-
The Fortune of the Rougons	5/-
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PARLIAMENT continued from page 5

the Dominion Governments had had no share in the making of the Treaty. He attacked the provisions committing Britain and her allies to intervene if the neutral zones are invaded and the abolition of the capitalists which put foreigners in Turkish territory above the Turkish law. He said there is no justice in Turkish Courts. He predicted that Turkey would always be a source of war and that Russia and Italy would attack her.

Altogether it was a highly bellicose speech.

The Labour Prime Minister answered it with contemptuous reserve, but incidentally revealed that he is on very friendly terms with Conservative foreign policy.

The debate ended in smoke.

OUT-DOOR MEETINGS.

Plymouth.

Saturday, June 14th, 7.30 p.m., Catherine Street, Devonport, Sylvia Pankhurst, J. Drayton.

Sunday, June 15th, 11 a.m., North Quay, Plymouth, Sylvia Pankhurst.

Sunday, June 15th, 6.30 p.m., Behind the market, Plymouth, Sylvia Pankhurst, J. Drayton.

Hyde Park.

Sunday afternoons at 3.30, Norah Smyth and others.

Sunday, 7.30 p.m., Obelisk, Blackfriars Road, N. Smyth and others.

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